

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

FEBRUARY 15, 1935



BEGINNING

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

HUMANITY OF HEARST
BY JEAN WINTHROP

TWO POEMS
BY MARIE DE L. WELCH

LINCOLN STEFFENS'
COLUMN

BOOK REVIEW: ENGLE AND MILLAY

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VOL. II NO. 7

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

is on sale at 83 newsstands in San Francisco, including the best hotels, and can be purchased at hotels in all principal cities of the Pacific Coast. It is also on sale at Fisher's Newsstand in Honolulu and at Millen's Bookstore in Providence, R. I.

By its

CANDOR, FEARLESSNESS AND TRUTH

PACIFIC WEEKLY is commanding attention and interest as a new and needed voice in the West.

The Most Powerful Man in America!

Who is he?

You and I. Our friends. Our neighbors. In other words, Mr. Average Citizen!

The only trouble is, he frequently fails to realize his own strength. He allows himself to be bullied, led, and tricked, and when he realizes it, is inclined to say: "But what can I do about it?"

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Peace is something to fight for; war is something to fight against. So, Mr.

Average Citizen, wield that tremendous power of yours! Let jingoistic politicians, big-navy lobbies, war-fomenting papers, feel the might of your wrath.

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

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VOLUME II

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1935

NUMBER 7

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NOTES AND COMMENT

JOHN STRACHEY is to be permitted to talk at Berkeley after the intelligent veterans and patriotic Eagles of San Francisco refused him their halls. He is declared to be a "serious menace" to our institutions, but the tax department put an "amusement tax" on the sale of tickets for his lecture. Tickets for Ludwig Lewisohn's lecture, a fortnight hence, are tax-exempt.

WHAT peculiar quirk in the mental apparatus of men like William Randolph Hearst inspires them to do what he did last week in the editorial department of the San Francisco *Examiner* is about as explicable as the earth's magnet. We are not thinking about it in its nature as the cruel, inhuman, contemptible thing that it was, but wherein it comes in the category of senseless, stupid things. According to reports, the sudden discharge of fourteen persons from the editorial staff of the *Examiner* was the result of a decision by the Hearst efficiency expert that necessary economy was thus to be served. That efficiency expert may think himself clever but actually he is considerably of a fool. That is, if we are to accept as a verity the announced reason for the wholesale firing. We do, for the purposes of argument.

That action on the part of the *Examiner* was just as sensible as is the continued, persistent persecution of the workers of the country, the raiding of Communist headquarters and the destruction of their property, attacks by the police on strikers, and the general attitude and activities of the capitalist class against the laboring class of the country. In one case the day of the revolution is sped, in the *Examiner* case the day of considerably more money on the editorial payrolls is moved up an immeasurable distance.

The San Francisco Bay District chapter of the American Newspaper Guild will gain membership and new seriousness of purpose by that little stunt of the Hearst efficiency expert who is really about as efficient as a boy's watch six hours after it is presented to him. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association should applaud Mr. Hearst as

one of their wild outfielders who throws the ball through a neighboring window right in the middle of a seventh inning full of possibilities.

BIILLS introduced in the State legislature at Sacramento this session are beginning to reflect the capitalist war against free speech and liberal education in the universities.

Consider the following gems of threatening Fascism in the form of proposed legislation:

Assembly bill 105 makes it a crime to interfere with or hamper or evade the rules of the faculty or other lawfully constituted authorities of any educational institution.

Assembly Bill 41 makes it a felony by means of writing, painting or printing to advise or encourage the desirability or propriety of any citizen to refuse to bear arms or to train in the use thereof. The punishment is one to fourteen years in the state penitentiary.

Both of these bills will make it a crime for any person to oppose compulsory military training.

Assembly Bill No. 20 establishes a punishment of one to fourteen years for voluntarily being present or remaining at any meeting at which the reformation or overthrow of the existing form of government by violence or other unlawful means is advocated.

Assembly Bill 106 provides that public school buildings shall no longer be used for the discussion of any subject which in the judgment of the school trustees or of the city board of education is of a highly controversial nature.

An example of how extreme an infringement on individual liberty of the university student these laws are is Assembly Bill 107 which provides as follows:

Any person who has in his possession . . . any books, pamphlets, documents, or papers of any kind . . . advocating or suggesting the overthrow by force, violence, or other unlawful means, of the government of the United States . . . is guilty of a felony.

In the accepted Hitler style not even the "burning of books" is omitted.

Any such book, pamphlet, document, or paper is a public nuisance and shall be summarily destroyed upon the order of any judge, or justice of any court of record in this State.

Wouldn't George Washington, who led a revolution, and Abraham Lincoln, who said the people had a revolutionary right to overthrow the government, be surprised at those little examples of the modern method of defining liberty in California.

AN EXPLANATION

AS EDITOR of this magazine I have received in the past two weeks at least three queries as to why so much emphasis and space is devoted in its pages to the subjects of Communism and Fascism. Looking back over the files I readily appreciate the basis for the question. But also glancing over recent issues of the daily papers and copies of national news and comment magazines I find that PACIFIC WEEKLY is not unique in this. Communism and Fascism

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are subjects of more space than any other one subject, except quite recently, the inane affairs of a Mr. Vallee and a Miss Webb, and over a longer period, perhaps, the trial of a New York state resident charged with the kidnaping and murder of a baby. In other words, among subjects which have to do with social progress, or retrogression, that have to do with the future of the world's economic and political set-up, discussions and news regarding Communism and Fascism are uppermost in the minds of the people and, consequently, most emphasized in the public prints.

PACIFIC WEEKLY cannot avoid this; by the very nature of its policy and purpose it has no desire to avoid it. It is designed to be, to become more vitally as the days go on, an instrument by which the people of the Pacific Coast shall learn the facts and hear the opinions of those who desire to discuss the truth. Nothing is truer today than that Communism is lifting its ugly or beautiful head (depending on your viewpoint) in California more than in any other section of this country, and, on the other hand, nothing is truer than that Fascism is more successfully sending down the roots of its growing tree in this state than in any other section of the country. In "Communist Propaganda in California", printed in this same issue of PACIFIC WEEKLY, Dr. George Hedley gives you an outline of the situation here. He is writing from a realistic viewpoint or, it might be more in justice to him to say, in an anti-Fascist vein. But no matter what his personal attitude in the question, his article is journalistic in its statements of fact and the attendant consequences. In a word, he is giving you some history.

In late December of last year a meeting was held in the Washington Square Center of New York University. On the platform and in the audience were citizens of this country whose mental powers have brought them to the point of being deeply concerned about the future of America. They are not bomb-throwers, red flag wavers, ranting radicals; they are not un-shaven, un-bathed illiterate aliens. If you took a cross-section of them you would find a higher degree of intelligence, education and culture than you would find in any group taken at random in any part of the world and of ten times their number.

On the speakers' platform were principally college professors, and not from backwoods colleges, but from the great seats of learning of our country. They were men who possess the mark of the teacher—an unselfish desire humbly and sympathetically to give the results of their thought and their study toward unraveling a social, economic and political tangle. The subject of their symposium was "The Future of Liberalism". The next day, over the story of their meeting, attended by more than one thousand persons, the New York Times placed the headline: "CAPITALISM HELD FORCING A REVOLT".

Let me quote some of those who addressed that meeting. Professor George Dewey of Columbia University charged that those who oppose basic reforms are "blind and stubborn reactionaries" who are not only "encouraging the use of force in those who want social change, but they give the latter the maximum of justification".

Prof. Sidney Hook of New York University declared that "capitalism and anarchism" amounted to the same thing. "There is no difference between them," he said. "Capitalism is simply anarchism on a smaller scale." . . . "The only choice ahead for us is between Fascism and Communism" and

he contended that Communism seemed the only solution for the present crisis.

Prof. William E. Hocking of Harvard pointed out that the collectivist philosophy is making large gains in Europe and America and that we are now living under a "capitalist dictatorship".

Prof. William P. Montague of Columbia argued for a plan that would deprive capitalism of "the whip of hunger".

Chancellor Woodburn of New York University declared that "startling changes in our ideas of social and economic justice are taking place".

Interesting, isn't it, and startling, and, when you consider that these men are BIG men mentally; that they are not Hearsts screaming platitudes and dancing like insane Indians around a flag pole, you rather have to admit it is also important.

Another example, and even more striking: Following this "explanation" I am re-printing an editorial which appeared last Saturday in the San Francisco Chronicle. If you have been a regular reader of the Chronicle you know that almost every morning there is a headline on the first page designed to start you off on your day's affairs with the idea that Communists are running hot all around you.

The editor of the Chronicle knows that, despite his ardent efforts, the rank and file of the people do not read the editorial page. He knows, on the other hand, that the mass of people, considerably unintelligent, may be and are influenced by headlines. So, the Chronicle, along with other newspapers of its stamp, seeks to mold the mass opinion by headlines. "Communist Agitator", "Communist Sympathizer", "Communist Propaganda", Communist everything that comprises a misdemeanor or a felony, flares out on the front page.

But the editor also well knows that he can't talk similarly through his hat on the editorial page because intelligent people occasionally look that over. So, he lets what sanity he has, without malice and without prejudice, temper his comments on the questions of the day on the editorial page. This editorial which I print gives you a good idea of what I mean.

Thus PACIFIC WEEKLY finds authority for its contention that Communism, in face of the terror that is striking at the hearts and hearths of millions of people in this land today, is a burning question and requires, as the Chronicle admits, attention and, as the Chronicle also admits, dignified attention.

—W. K. BASSETT

AN EDITORIAL FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

NEWS that the Bolshevik government is taking steps to make Russian elections more "democratic" is chiefly interesting as another reminder of how little Communism has to do with "form of government."

The Russian "form of government" is, indeed, already almost democratic in theory. And ours has not always been democratic in practical operation.

The principal difference between the Soviet "form of government" and our own is in the unit of representation. In this country the barber who lives in the Twenty-first district joins with the lawyer, the banker, the merchant, the bootblack, the carpenter and the housewife, who also live there, to elect the Assemblyman from that geographic unit. In Russia, he

would vote for the representative of the barbers' union.

Either system, in principle, is representative government. And our objection to the Russian system is based not at all on this "form of government." Neither is the Communist hostility to the American system based primarily on any objection to electing representatives by districts instead of by occupations. In the farming districts of Russia, for that matter, the elections are by villages, not for the American reason that they are geographic units of residence, but because all the people in a Russian village are farmers, and they therefore constitute an industrial unit.

What makes Russia Communist is not this "form of government," to which nobody in America objects. It is its form of doing business and its system of property. And what Communists in America conspire against is only incidentally our "form of government," for which they care little, either way. Their only enmity to it is because it protects property. Their real objective is our system of property.

Communist thought has no confusion on this question, and we shall be the better competent to defend our system against Communists if we likewise avoid the common confusion. What we need to defend is what they are attacking, which is property and business. Government, for us, is an incidental means to that defense, just as, for them, it is an incidental obstacle to their attack. But, both ways, the thing attacked by Communists and the thing defended by us is not primarily a "form of government," but a system of property and of business.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THAT SCHOOL trouble in Monterey is spreading just as the rabies did, all over the peninsula. Carmel's got it now.

ALLEN GRIFFIN, editor of our peninsula organ, has gone East for a couple of weeks. He will discover—I wish he would learn—why the West for once is ahead of the East. We have much more of the coming fright that breeds Fascism than they have in New York—so far. Since it is coming and not going, New York is bound to get it too. I do not remark this out of any narrow provincial pride.

FERRERO QUOTING Spinoza says: "Peace is not absence of war, it is a virtue, a state of mind, a disposition for benevolence, confidence, justice"; and he points that we haven't it any more anywhere in the world. And we can't have it. And Ferrero doesn't know why. He has our culture and our culture doesn't know why.

THE JAPANESE, having been threatened with the cancellation of their leases in a section of the Philippines, have denied that the contracts are fraudulent. "Anyhow, they stand," they declare officially. That's an old title, too. We have in America much property, the ownership of which was based on fraud and violence, but this further imitation of us by the Japanese is curiously irritating.

ONE WONDERS why we are breaking off in anger with Soviet Russia on account of their unwillingness to settle their debts with us on our terms. The Russians must have been

guilty of some discourteous and very informal scandal. The big countries of Europe got away with it; we swallowed their bankruptcy without any outward breach and the Russians have always been graceful in diplomacy. There is something right somewhere. I must ask my Russian friends to stop laughing and tell me.

THE SECRETARY of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, is a very disagreeable man, and he doesn't know much about politics. He has been not only refusing to do the usual little services of a congressman; he has not only refused to make appointments to office in his far flung departments, he has said "No" with indignation and brevity. No apologies at all. That has hurt the political front of our government; and now he has proposed to reclaim the oil properties of Elk Hills. He must have just learned that there was something illegal in the way big business got hold of that oil. I myself believe there was some bad politics in that good business, but nothing unusual. Somebody in this administration ought to tell Mr. Ickes that he cannot do what he proposes to do. He can no more cancel those titles because there was fraud or force in them than can the Philippines cancel those Japanese leases. Mr. Ickes has long been a reformer in Chicago and evidently a sincere one.

LIBERALS OF all shades have been talking about a united front and such a combination is necessary if we are to save this country from being saved by capital, by Business, which also has a rapidly uniting front. But our liberals have heard or they suspect that the Communists, who are in their proposed united front, want to control or direct any combination that is made. They hesitate, therefore, tend to split and scatter. The same thing is happening in the ranks of labor. This is a funny situation to me because I want the Communists to be back of any united front I would favor. And I can say why, too. I have been in this game for a long lifetime. I am a liberal myself and my experience as a liberal has taught me that we liberals are so "reasonable", so undriven by necessity, that in any fight we do make we get tired, and generous, and so nice, that we soon want to get it over with and settled. All through the history of the world as well as the history of this country, we have lost our fights after winning them by sitting down amiably with the enemy and fixing it up by making "decent" concessions. That happened in the French Revolution, it happened in the American Revolution and I notice that it did not happen in Russia. I saw in his book that Charlie Russell blames Lenin personally for an uncompromising exaction of all his red demands on the reformers, on the conservatives, after the victory of the Russian revolution. He would not take half a loaf. He took it all.

But I have learned since that he took it all because, having foreseen this crisis in all history, he had prepared for it by getting into his united front the poorest, the most unhappy, the most needful of the down-and-outs. He had behind him the people who needed everything, and, backed by their demands, he took everything. He was a great man, but he had with him a human force greater, much greater, than he was.

The liberals and workers of San Francisco, for example, might learn in their youth something that I took a lifetime to learn, that it isn't one of a thousand things that is wrong that must be righted, it isn't municipal ownership or election frauds or taxation or money, or war or injustice or even poverty and riches; it isn't the direct election of senators or the recall or crime or graft—that has to be dealt with, it is all these; everything; all together. The liberals of San Fran-

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cisco can be got together on their slogan, anti-war and anti-fascism, and that's all right to begin a fight with, but there must be a group or a party of les miserables, who won't end the war till they've got everything, till they have changed the crooked foundation upon which all our evils grow; all.

IT ISN'T Tom Mooney we should be after, it's the "Bastille". I remember once when there was a mass meeting for Mooney, liberals were perplexed by the dim perception that the Communists who seemed to be with them had their eye fixed, not on Mooney, but something beyond. That was very hard for the Communists to explain to the liberals, and maybe I can put it over. But I also did not believe that a movement for justice for Mooney could possibly succeed. The powers that be are not so wise as to yield only on Mooney. It is my certainty that Mooney alone cannot get justice, which makes me so willing to stand for him. I don't believe that Mooney can get out until all of us do.

A Standard Oil man, of high degree, asked in my house the other day why in the world I took so much interest in the miserable cotton pickers and their petty strikes. I couldn't tell him then but I can explain here, that, as Sacramento is showing now, our workers can't get a living or justice or security, until they and we, through their efforts, get a whole lot more.

There should be no confusion about this; I don't see why the Communists don't say it right out; and I don't see why the dumb capitalists don't see right through it. Every stand an intelligent person makes, every strike, every war has two purposes: one immediate and stated, the other ultimate. We want not only higher wages and shorter hours, we want also security in well-being.

A SEA CAPTAIN navigates from his port of departure to his landing place in a series of straight lines: San Francisco to Honolulu; then Honolulu to his destination in Japan. Passengers may not know this, even the crew may be only dimly aware of it, but the bridge has it down on their charts. Lenin ran lines from his petty strikes, to his grand strikes, to—Soviet Russia.

THE OWNERS, the parents of the quintuplets have been sued for \$1,000,000. It isn't the round fat sum that attracts

my attention, but the suit which proves that these five children are growing up not only unanimously and strong but in an American business-like way, like the kids in Hollywood. They're out to make money from the start.

THE GALLANT Army Officers, who are forcing police action on that Club Cairo, should go easy. They are angry because when some of them were bounced the other morning one of them, thrown down the steps, was accidentally but viciously killed. I can see how that must have hurt their pride and habits of discipline, but they want to know all about it; all about the tolerance of them by the police and the reasons for having "bouncers" who are not law constables. It is possible to find out all about that, but not out loud. The owners of that cafe know exactly what the officers are curious about, but they must not squeal. They have their funny little ways too.

TWO POEMS

BY MARIE DE L. WELCH

FOR A GARDEN SHED

MAY you have a gay sowing
And a gallant crop;
May your weeds never begin,
Your flowers never stop.

May your radishes be bright,
Your new potatoes succulent;
Your onions all gentleness,
Your roses truculent;

May your gourds be generous,
Your berries luscious;
All pallor your turnips,
And your beets all blushes;

Your clover emerald;
Your lilac pearly;
Your late apples sweet,
And your sweet corn early!

FOR A CABIN WALL

IPUT a wish on this house
Out of my own delight:
May there be one joy here
For each star in the night;
May there be one joy here
For each leaf on the tree;
For every bubble of the brook
May one joy be.
One for every sound
Of little wild claw;
One for each owl on the roof;
One for each mouse on the floor;
One for each moth at the lamp;
And still one more!

PACIFIC WEEKLY
A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

Published every Friday at Carmel, California. P. O. Box 1300
Telephone, Carmel 14

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Ten cents a copy. Two dollars a year. One dollar for six months. Twenty-five cents for one month's trial. Canadian: Two dollars and twenty-five cents a year. Foreign: Two dollars and fifty cents

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

FOREWORD

CAN'T hold out any longer. Anticipation of the great exposé got me."

This was written in one of the post card subscription orders which have been coming in in such gratifying numbers during the past month. Because I know personally the man who wrote it, I know that he refers to this newspaper story of mine. Certainly it is gratifying to realize that the promise of anything I might write should so arouse the anticipation of a man that he would be willing to expend a dollar to read it.

But the surprising thing is that this post card, and the comment thereon, come from a man who knows just about as much about the perfidy of newspapers as I do, perhaps not in length and breadth, but certainly in depth. He is a newspaper man, still with one of the metropolitan dailies on which I have worked, and about which I shall have considerable to say. It is a newspaper destined to come in for more "exposé", as my friend calls it, than any other on which I have worked. It is the worst sinner of the lot. Unprincipled and cowardly on the one hand and the funniest, the most absurd, on the other in its method of handling the news and trying to fool the public.

It is ironically or, perhaps you would say, quite explicable the newspaper that appreciated me the least, ignored the most what I had to offer. It would have none of my experience or my ability, and finally confined me to a job that could have been just about as ably done by the captain of the copyboys. The explanation was given to me that I was kept in that job "because you do it so well". This was the only clever remark I ever heard my managing editor make, and I would not detract from his slim stock of brilliance by asserting too emphatically that it was a wholly unconscious one.

The four years on that newspaper encompassed the most menial and the hardest work physically that I have done in the entire twenty-eight years of newspaper service; four years in which I marked time, partly content in the knowledge that throughout the country there were hundreds upon hundreds of good newspapermen who had no jobs at all and any one of whom would have been tickled to death to have had mine.

Glibly I put myself in the category of good newspapermen. I believe I am; maybe a better newspaperman than I am a magazine editor, but I won't be sure of that for a few months more. I'm doing a little praying to my green and gold gods that I won't ever be quite certain of it. But I was born a good newspaperman, as so many good ones are. There was printer's ink in my blood. I know the material side of journalism as well as the editorial side. Given the machinery I can alone produce a newspaper of a kind, if you will excuse the typographical errors. It will be a newspaper without cuts—I make no claims on the photo-engraving end. I know all the motions, but the order and degree of their occurrence are among the mysteries of life with me which, despite my interest, have etched nothing on the zinc or copper plate of my capacity.

But I admit that I am a good newspaperman, just as proudly as a fisherman might display a "catch" that literally flopped into his basket. I couldn't very well help being.

My father was a newspaperman before me. He was a good one, too. He was at one time editor and publisher of the Los Angeles Herald, when it was a morning paper. He was editor of the old Golden Era in San Francisco and Bret Harte set type for him then. He was at one time editorial writer on the San Francisco Chronicle. His "Old Pard" letters, addressed to Collis P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Company, are a part of the political and financial history of the West.

When I was twelve years old I was producing a weekly "newspaper" in the barn in the backyard of the home where I was born at Eighth and Brush streets in Oakland, California. Nance O'Neil and I were both born in that house; how far apart it would not be chivalrous of me to say. I set up my paper in type acquired from the Oakland Tribune plant when that newspaper discarded it on the first acquisition of Linotypes. My Weekly Item started out brilliantly, brilliantly as far as my energy and enthusiasm were concerned, but if it had not been at times for the interest and concern of my mother and my grandfather, both of whom could set type, there were weeks when my twenty-five or so subscribers would have been bitterly disappointed in the delivery of their papers. But the Item was declared to be a creditable sheet for a boy of my age to produce. Its files show how editorially consistent I have been in my otherwise dubious career. It seems that William Randolph Hearst was then blossoming out as a newspaper chain owner, and even then ranting around in the manner that is his style today. I printed a paragraph illustrating his pomposity of the time and then commented on it with the quotation: "It is not what a man has but what he is that makes him valuable to the world and the world valuable to him." Pretty delicate, eh? Refined and dignified harpooning that. I'll wager Hearst wishes I were as velvet-gloved and as gentlemanly today in my sizzling criticism of him.

The Weekly Item bore under the type of its title in the mast-head the line *Nulli Secundus*... And was I proud of those two words? You can't imagine how proud and you're wrong on why. They thrilled me to death because they were not set in type, my type, letter by letter. They were all in one, on a slug of metal. They were, believe it or not, a Linotype line, set for me by my uncle who had only a short time before learned to operate one of those new composing machines and was in command of one of the few of them then in the composing room of the San Francisco Bulletin.

I took a partner on the Weekly Item, a neighborhood boy whose parents had given him Wendell Phillips before the family name of Porter. But Wendell did not have printer's ink in his blood and he went on a picnic one day during the deep stress of newspaper production. (Since that day I've gone on many a "picnic" to the deep concern of irate city editors.) I sold Wendell out on that day; sold his interest in the Item to my cousin for two dollars and notified him

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the next morning when I handed him the money. I believe that two dollars looked bigger to him than than the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers does to me today. My cousin wasn't smeared with ink, either, but the business side was his forte, and he was immeasurably more conscientious and had considerably more sense of responsibility than his brilliant editorial partner. He delivered the paper each week, and he delivered it, too, on the dot, collecting the five-cent piece before he let go of the corner of it. We ran a cash business. He's now growing celery up in the Stockton delta country and what with the vagaries of God and the weather he isn't so sure of his five-cent pieces as he was in the *Weekly Item* days.

The *Item* ceased publication at the beginning of vacation time on the approach of the first summer of its existence. It was revived when school started in the fall of that first year, but it failed to survive the next summer. It was one of those rare cases when subscribers still stood palpitating, with their nickels in their hands at their front doors, but the editor had something else more important to do. I don't remember what it was.

The next three or four years have no bearing on the history

of journalism in the United States—and then I found myself a member of the First Congregational Cadet Corps of Oakland. Imagine that! I have since wondered how many fool soldiers that cadet corps molded in their youth and how many of them wasted their lives on the battlefields of the World War. But there, training to be a soldier under the guidance of a Christian church, so help me, the editorial bug stirred in me in a persistent manner and brought forth my first "open letter". I have written many of them since, many which the addressees never saw, but that one remains the most important of them all because it led me down a long aisle to the editorial sanctum of Albert Peter DeWit Stiefvater whom I asked for a job.

Seven years later I was in editorial charge of an afternoon daily in Modesto, California, and throwing all my editorial eloquence back of Clara LeRoy in her battle to keep her houses of prostitution "across the track" inviolate (which may not be the proper word right here) and charging with rhetorical fervor that the threatening red light abatement law was a menace to human society.

But those seven years are Chapter One.

THE HUMANITY OF HEARST

BY JEAN WINTHROP

MEMBERS and non-members of the American Newspaper Guild in San Francisco had a lesson in tenure last week when fourteen editorial department employees of the San Francisco *Examiner* were suddenly fired without warning.

Without warning, that is, except for rumor and panic.

Early in the week, William Randolph Hearst's efficiency expert, Bart Giles, of Los Angeles, was seen in the San Francisco *Examiner* office. That started nervous whispers.

Ever since the start of the depression, Mr. Giles has made periodic visitations to Hearst newspaper offices. These visitations are followed by sudden slashes in wages and personnel.

It is understood that Mr. Giles arrives with a revised budget, and wages and personnel are cut to fit.

True to form, following his visit, the knife fell.

The reason given for last week's slaughter was "economy".

It has also been known to happen that a few weeks after one of these staff purges, more new men are taken on than were fired. But at the same time it has been very convenient for the local executives to take advantage of the mass massacre to get rid of certain individuals with whom they disagree on matters of office politics, or, indeed, of national politics. It gives an opportunity to weed out of Hearst offices persons suspected of radical theories of government. And, of course, it helps to cover up a firing here and there for Newspaper Guild organization.

If a Guild man is fired for Guild activities at the same time that a dozen non-Guild-members are fired for "economy", it makes a very wobbly case for the Guild to try to prove. At the same time, if newspaper men were 100 per cent organized in the Guild, so that they could obtain contracts with the publishers guaranteeing security, such as their brothers the printers have, there would be no such mass firings without notice

like that on the *Examiner*.

Already publishers have been discouraged by the Guild's fighting spirit from such blatant Guild firings as those on the *Oakland Tribune*. That lost Publisher Joseph Knowland several thousand of his precious circulation, and several thousand more in "good will". Since then, publishers have become more wily in their firing of Guild members.

Now they make conditions so intolerable that they force a man to resign, as in the case of President Redfern Mason of the San Francisco Guild, or they sweep them out in an avalanche.

Lloyd (Tiger) Thompson, one of the original Guild organizers in San Francisco, dramatic critic of the *Examiner*, was thus swept out in last week's avalanche. He received a note "regretting that for reasons of economy" his dismissal would be effective immediately. He received two weeks' pay in lieu of notice.

Mr. Thompson has worked steadily for Hearst for 11 years, on the *New York American* and the *Examiner*. He has been on the *Examiner* for the past five years. He has also worked for Hearst's *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and *Oakland Post-Enquirer*.

While not holding an office in the Guild (he declined the nomination for president) he has been one of its most active members.

Owing to the way his firing was drowned in that of thirteen other men, mostly non-Guild, he does not want the Guild to go to bat for him as it did for Louis Burgess, Dean S. Jennings, the three Oakland men, and as it hopes to for Redfern Mason.

He has written a play which will be produced soon in San Francisco. Out of that, he hopes something will develop.

Mr. Thompson's position as dramatic critic of the *Examiner*

has been given to Ada Hanifin, non-Guild member of the *Examiner* staff, whose word carries considerably less weight in the theater world in San Francisco than Mr. Thompson's.

Coincidentally, it was Miss Hanifin who finished out reviewing the opera season for the *Examiner* after Redfern Mason, *Examiner* music critic for 21 years, was forced to resign for Guild activities.

Besides Mr. Thompson, those fired last week included Guild members Reed Hayes, newspaper man for many years, and Clyde Giraldo, of the sports department; non-Guilders Al Baum, former sports editor, and since the San Francisco strike editor of the "labor column" (this column was a sop to labor thrown by the *Examiner* after the paper's role of strike-

breaking, and is now to be dispensed with); Bob Willson, another old-time newspaper man, formerly with Hearst's New York *American* and Chicago *Herald-Examiner*; a girl in the society department, and a number of so-called "junior reporters"—a term coined by the *Examiner* to designate young men receiving the lowest possible wages. Fifteen a week is believed to be the junior reporter's maximum.

It is time the "junior reporter" exploitation be stopped. It is time men who have sold their brains and hearts to Hearst all their lives be assured some security in their jobs. It is time the wise, cynical, skeptical, exploited newspaper man realizes his protection lies in one hundred per cent membership in the American Newspaper Guild.

COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA

BY GEORGE HEDLEY

THE HEADING is a familiar one: with minor changes in phrasing, it has occurred repeatedly in our newspapers since the first of last July. The populace has learned to fear what it represents; so have I, newly returned to the State. But I can share neither the newspaper view, nor the popular impression derived from it, as to the source and nature of the propaganda concerned.

We have been told, with a maximum of iteration and a minimum of evidence, that the spearhead of Communist leadership has thrust itself against the welfare of this Commonwealth; that the agricultural strikes in the valleys, and the maritime strikes on the coast, were fomented solely by paid and malicious agents of the Third International; that unless strenuous measures are taken to root out these enemies of our "constitutional form of government", we shall see the end of American liberties in our midst. The press, the Governor, the Mayor of San Francisco, the Industrial Association, the Better American Federation, the conservative labor leaders, have told us these things; who can wonder that most of the citizenry believe them?

That I cannot share the belief is due to what I myself have seen; and therefore I present my minority report. It is to the effect that Communism in California was weak at the outset, but is daily growing stronger because of the barrage of propaganda and violence hurled against it; that the strikes were due to intolerable conditions of employment, and constituted the workers' only means of defense; that the real enemies of constitutional government are those who used the methods of terrorism to break the strikes, and to turn attention to a convenient scapegoat; and that this campaign of anti-labor violence has been the major factor in the spread of Communist opinion and the growth of Communist strength.

For the sake of clarity, perhaps I should state my own background and position. I am a clergyman. Long a pacifist, I dislike the technique of violence. Having (I hope) a sense of proportion (or of humor: they are identical), I am infinitely bored by the dogmatism of Communist dialectic as commonly advanced. Not having been in Russia since before the war, I am less familiar with the Soviet regime than with that of the Czar. Having returned to San Francisco in June, having posted myself on the waterfront from July 2 to 17, and having been in direct contact with the "judicial" proceedings

from that time on, I know something about the marine strike and its persisting aftermath.

The physical violence connected with the strike was concentrated on Tuesday, July 3, and Thursday, July 5. The "general strike" in San Francisco was operative from Monday, July 16, to Thursday, July 19. The "vigilante" raids began on Tuesday, July 17, and continued (with diminishing vigor) for the month that followed; a threat of renewed activity was heard this past week in connection with the strike of the Amador miners. The labor struggle raged until late September in the lettuce fields of Salinas; the judicial battle is at its height in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento. My knowledge of these matters, and my reasons for the minority opinions stated above, perhaps can best be presented in the form of replies to questions which repeatedly have been put to me by individuals and in public gatherings.

1. Who was responsible for the violence on the San Francisco waterfront?

The police initiated all the violence that I observed. I was present when the "fighting" started on "Bloody Thursday"; it was a tear gas attack of the police, without provocation and without retaliation. I have been unable to secure eye-witness testimony to any attack initiated by the strikers. Details of my experience are given in *The Strike as I Have Seen It*.

2. What part did the National Guard play in suppressing violence?

The fighting ceased more than four hours before the National Guard reached the Embarcadero: it stopped when the police stopped attacking. The Guardsmen damaged automobiles of private citizens, cleared Rincon Hill of a crowd of Sunday afternoon spectators, and wounded the captain of a launch carrying strike-breakers. I have it, from a Guardsman who was on duty on the waterfront, that members of the Guard, in civilian clothes, participated in the raids of July 17th with the permission of their officers. The violence that might have occurred in the Guard's absence is purely hypothetical; the violence during their presence was of their own making.

3. How much Communist talk did you hear among the strikers?

None until Monday, July 9th—the day of the funeral of

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Sperry and Bordoise, who were killed on "Bloody Thursday". Since then I have heard it in increasing degree: the procedure of the employers and the authorities has given direct support to the Communist view that there can be no real social change without violence.

The major unions involved in the maritime strikes, and in the so-called "general strike", were affiliates of the American Federation of Labor; but it is a matter of record that the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, commonly regarded as Communist in its leanings, had a great influx of members immediately after "Bloody Thursday".

4. Who was responsible for the raids and arrests of July 17 and after?

Mr. Charles Wheeler, Vice-president of the McCormick Steamship Company, announced the raids at a Rotary Club luncheon on the 17th. (See Associated Press dispatches of that date.) That he knew whereof he spoke is shown by the fact that the first raid occurred within an hour of his announcement. The participants were in civilian clothes. In San Francisco the police arrived with uniform promptness when the demolition of buildings and furniture was about complete—and arrested not the attackers, but those who had been attacked. The Industrial Association received full reports of the arrests. Members of Mayor Rossi's "Citizens' Committee" welcomed arrested workers at the Harbor Police Station, joining the police in assailing them as "reds", "foreigners" and "rats".

As was said above, National Guardsmen took part in the attacks.

Municipal Judge Steiger used the bench, during the hearings, as a rostrum for anti-Communist speeches. City officials are alleged to have been recognized as among the raiders of Mr. Prater's home in Richmond. Governor Merriam's radio address of July 16th was of a sort to give direct encouragement to the raiders of the 17th. These facts force the conclusion that the raids, and their courtroom sequels, were planned and carried out through a definite combination of employers, city and state executive authorities, and at least a part of the judiciary—a combination in defense of trade, and in restraint of labor activity and human rights.

5. What has been the history of judicial procedure in the matter?

The number of arrests was well over 500. More than 300 were dismissed without trial. Forty-two defendants stood jury trials on vagrancy charges; 23 of these were acquitted; the appellate division in San Francisco reversed the convictions in the only three cases in which appeals have so far been heard. Thirty-one were sentenced to imprisonment without formal trial, and have now served their terms. Eighteen were charged with criminal syndicalism in Sacramento, and 2 in Redwood City. The latter were acquitted by a directed verdict. Seventeen of the former are now on trial; one arrested later, will be tried alone.

Over sixty homes, and not less than twenty offices and headquarters, were raided; all of the latter were quite completely wrecked. The American Civil Liberties Union has instituted a number of civil suits against the cities and counties concerned; to date none of them has come to trial.

The really crucial issue is at Sacramento, where the State Attorney-General has intervened to appoint as leader of the prosecution Mr. Neil McAllister, who was repudiated by the county's voters in September, and whose services as special prosecutor were rejected by the county Supervisors on January 6th. Details have appeared, and no doubt will

continue to appear, elsewhere in *PACIFIC WEEKLY*.

6. What of the rights of free speech and free press?

The Western Worker office was among the first raided on July 17th. An eye-witness tells me that he saw a uniformed police officer joining in the destruction begun by the "vigilantes"—specifically, that this officer broke a second-story window and hurled a chair through it to the sidewalk. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, technically charged with vagrancy, were accused by the arresting officer of printing Communist materials. Elaine Black, passing out leaflets, was booked for "distributing advertising without a license". Hitherto, in the Sacramento trial, most of the time has been spent in the reading of publications which are alleged to contain evidence of "Communist plots". A statement issued by the American Civil Liberties Union was described by the Sacramento Union as a "red circular".

Halls at the San Francisco Civic Center are refused for any meetings which, as a city functionary phrased it to me, "have any Communist strings to them"—the prize being last week's cancellation of the lecture by John Strachey. A lease on Polk Hall, a part of the Civic Auditorium building, long before secured by the American League Against War and Fascism for a meeting on August 1st, was abruptly canceled. Owners and managers of privately-owned auditoriums have been persuaded that they cannot expect police protection if any "radicals" are involved in meetings held on their property. The tenant of a studio on Geary street has been forbidden, by the manager of the building, to rent his quarters for public meetings of any sort: the reason being that some "known Communists" attended a Conference held there on Sunday, August 12th.

In general, means have been found for a hearing on the civil rights issue in churches and in colleges. Even there, however, striking exceptions have occurred. In one valley city it proved impossible to secure a meeting place of any description: and I spoke to fifty workers, under an open sky, in a backyard on the city's outskirts. A student group, obliged to cancel one scheduled meeting, was punished for planning a second by being forbidden to have outside speakers of any sort at any time. Liberal-minded administrators and clergymen are intimidated by regents and trustees, and commonly express to me their personal sympathy the while they hand me official condemnations.

7. Why do those attacked, and their defenders, keep speaking about "Fascist tactics"?

The standards and practices of the self-constituted defenders of "Americanism" differ in no essential particular from those of Italian Fascismo and German Nazidom. We see operating in our own communities the same denial of free speech, free assembly and free press; the same unofficial armies, such as the "Berkeley Nationals" who guarded the Albany highway against an imaginary "red onslaught" from the North; the "Piedmont Emergency Committee" who for a time stopped every automobile entering their municipality, and who later used their organization in the campaign against Sinclair; and, most recently, the "Citizens' Army" which was announced to combat a "red demonstration" in Sacramento on February 2nd—actually a criminal syndicalism defense mass meeting at which the writer was one of the scheduled speakers; the same misuse of legal procedure to punish those who have expressed "heretical" opinions, and to intimidate others inclined to similar expression; the same alignment of financial power and political authority against the rights and interests of the working class. Shirts, fasces and swastikas

are not yet prominent; but a prosecution witness at Sacramento wears a button which he blandly tells us indicates membership in the "International Fascist Association"; and he adds that one of the prosecuting attorneys is also a member. What yet do we lack?

8. Aren't the Communists actually a weak and insignificant group?

So says Mr. Mencken, writing from the comfort of his easy chair. And so they may have been in California at the inception of these disorders. Some of them, too, stricken with panic, have greatly lessened or totally abandoned their activities. But sympathizers in far greater number have been won for the Communist cause. In particular, many who were only slightly "left of center" have been forced by the circumstances to move sharply toward the left wing. The extremist tactics of the conservatives have made a middle ground almost impossible, and have lent decided strength to the Communist contention that violence is the only adequate reply to violence.

9. What is being done?

Much less than should be. In a previous paper I have alluded to the liberals who, apparently through fear of being "tarred with the Communist brush", have refused to speak out clearly on the persecution of Communists. By this refusal they lend themselves to the cause of anti-Communist prejudice—as did Mr. Sinclair, whose campaign silences lost him the support of many who believe in a real program of social reconstruction.

A new difficulty has arisen in the internecine conflicts of the revolutionary groups. It has long been noted that radicalism has taken over the religious enthusiasm which characterized early Christianity. It now appears that the radicals have adopted also the ecclesiastical institutionalism which belongs to the decadent days of the Church. There is a real danger that the defense of the seventeen at Sacramento will be imperiled by the tendency of groups involved in the defense to devote their energies to the making of political capital.

The need is urgent for true liberal concentration upon the main issues of justice and freedom. Without committing ourselves to any political program, we must continue to work with the political parties and the defense organizations which are central in the picture. We must continue to publicize the motives and the procedure of the prosecution, and of the special interests which have inspired it. We must continue to protest to the authorities against the use of public machinery for private purposes. We must continue to raise funds for legal defense and for widespread publicity. We must continue to find channels of speech and print through which the truth can still be told.

10. Are you optimistic about the future?

No. I see no signs of retreat on the part of those who have engineered the real attack upon American civil liberties and rights. I am pessimistic about the outcome at Sacramento, where a middle-class jury hears daily appeal to every sort of middle-class prejudice: I am discouraged by the growing difficulty of securing halls in which to speak, journals in which to secure publication, radio stations which will permit any utterance not approved by the advertisers.

The immediate outlook, in my opinion, is for an increasing, and increasingly violent, repression not only of Communists, but of all who dare to criticize the present economic order. Our remaining freedoms are few; I expect them to disappear in the establishment of a frankly Fascist state. That, if his-

tory is a guide, will be followed—sooner or later, but inescapably at the last—by an equally violent overturn of things as they have been, with inevitable destruction of property, welfare and life. It is difficult, with things as they are, to discern any happier prospect.

But the cause is a vital one, concerning not only California, but the nation as a whole. We may still avoid a bloody revolution, Fascist or Communist; but only if the believers in freedom, justice and truth unite all their efforts to right the wrongs that have been and are being done, and to build a society in which their recurrence shall be forever impossible.

CORRESPONDENCE NOT PRINTED BY THE EXAMINER

EDITOR
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

My dear Sir:

In regard to statements in the San Francisco Examiner, Friday, February 1, Page 8, Column 1, concerning the visit of a "Co-ed Delegation" to the "Communist Trial", we protest the misstatements and make the following correction of facts, which we ask you to publish in the columns of your paper immediately.

We were individuals attending a trial in a courtroom as citizens of this State of California and the United States of America. When we were singled out of the courtroom by the photographers, we emphatically protested, seeing no reason why individual citizens should be subjected to such flagrant publicity, and all pictures were taken in spite of protest. We believed that this action on the part of your reporters and others was a violation of our personal liberty. We attended the trial as individuals and for educational, not propaganda purposes. Along with a great many other people in this community, we felt that the only way to get the real facts about the trial was to attend it in person.

1. Quoting your article, "They were chosen at a Convention of Young Men's and Young Women's Student Christian Associations at Asilomar last year—". This is entirely false. We were not chosen at any convention by any Y. M. or Y. W. C. A. or at Asilomar or anywhere. Only one of the four at the trial attended the Asilomar Conference, and she was not chosen by anyone or any organization for anything in connection with the Sacramento Criminal Syndicalism Trial.

2. Quoting your article, "chosen at Asilomar last year after hearing an address by Dr. George P. Hedley, identified by the prosecution as a San Francisco Radical". This is also absolutely false. No address was given to the Asilomar Conference on "Criminal Syndicalism" by anyone; Dr. George P. Hedley did not address the Asilomar Conference on any subject. The only way in which Dr. Hedley met the entire conference group was in his leadership of a Service of Worship on Sunday evening, in which no remarks were made.

3. Quoting your article, "During the noon recess, the students met the seventeen defendants and discussed the case with defense attorneys". This is also absolutely false. During the noon recess the students did not meet the defendants nor discuss the case with defense attorneys.

Since all the statements concerning these students were false, and thus your paper is liable for this misrepresentation of facts, we ask that this correction be published.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) MRS. MARGARET NORTON

FEBRUARY 15, 1935

MUSIC
EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

THE Duo Concertant for violin and piano which Stravinsky and Dushkin are playing this week has been recorded by Columbia. It has five parts, or "movements": Cantiléne, Eclogues I and II, Gigue and Dithyrambe. The score notifies the reader that Dushkin collaborated with Stravinsky in writing the violin part. This collaboration has ample precedent, for Brahms consulted Joachim in writing for the violin and Huhlfeld for the clarinet, Mendelssohn consulted the violinist Davld, and Mozart consulted Ram, though Stravinsky is the first to make his acknowledgments a part of the completed score.

This is a fascinating recording, for in spite of his reputation as a rather dry pianist Stravinsky makes the piano sound out well, with a surprising variety of color. The violin part is lyric, melodious, very beautifully declaimed by Dushkin. Although the composer makes full use of the percussive nature of the piano, and of the violin (whoever has heard Ysaye shout forth the first measures of the Kreutzer sonata will not deny that the violin can be a percussive instrument) this music isn't noisy. It has the classic simplicity and restraint to which Stravinsky's music has lately returned. The odd side of the last record carries a Serenade and Scherzino by Pergolesi which Stravinsky and Dushkin have arranged, equally simple and beautiful.

The most recent Stravinsky release is "Les Noces", a ballet for percussion orchestra, solo parts and chorus, sung in English and conducted, like other recordings of his music, by the composer. Stravinsky spent more time over this composition than over anything else he has written, for he began it in 1914, just after the *Sacre*, and it wasn't heard until 1923, when Diaghileff, to whom it is dedicated, performed it in Paris. This cannot be said to be a quiet affair, but it is very beautiful, of an incredible intensity of expression which is largely due to the limitations the composer has set himself in conveying through short, broken phrases the primitive, powerful but limited expressive range of a Russian peasant village. The curtain falls slowly to the accompaniment of the most beautiful sounds you ever heard, made, if you please, by such lowly instruments as cymbals softly sounded, triangles, drums, tympani, tambourine and bells, for this is all the orchestra.

THE Monterey Peninsula Orchestra has invited its friends to an informal concert on Sunday evening, February 17, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, Carmel. Under the leadership of Ernst Bacon the orchestra will give two movements of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, the Bach D minor concerto for two violins (soloists: Nita Barrett of Palo Alto and Mildred Wright of Carmel), two pieces for strings by William Byrd, Percy Grainger's Spoon River and one or two other small things.

Four members of this orchestra are under sixteen; one is over sixty. Robert Nagler, the concert master, comes from Salinas, forty miles away, one cellist drives an hour and a half down the mountains to get to rehearsals, and another cellist comes up from the Big Sur, thirty miles down the coast. In the brass section is a Pacific Grove grocer, two members of the

Presidio Band from Monterey, and a colored trombone player who used to be in Ringling Brothers' Circus band. One of the first violins is the gifted negro poet and composer, Leonard Cooper, and among the second fiddles is the man who teaches "shop and clay" at the Sunset School. The double-bass player is himself a well-known conductor who has been leading orchestras and choruses for thirty years.

Officially rehearsals are over at ten o'clock, but it is not unusual for someone to say: "Can't we play just fifteen minutes longer?" Youngsters not yet able to qualify come to rehearsals and work earnestly toward the day, next summer or next year, when they may be admitted to play, too.

So far the maintenance of the orchestra has been entirely a labor of love even for the conductor, who comes all the way from San Francisco each week. The project is entirely dependent upon the support of the community. This, it is to be hoped, will be generously forthcoming.

IT is not generally known that one sore point of the recent disagreement between Stokowski and his employers (now happily composed with Stokowski's every point gained) was the famous conductor's membership in the Pierre Degeyter Club. Pierre Degeyter wrote the *Internationale*. —A. H.

A LETTER TO EDWARD WESTON

EDWARD WESTON, artist, whose photography is now on exhibition at the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel, has received the following letter in appreciation of his nude studies which are a part of the display:

Dear Edward:

This is what I wanted to say about the nudes. It comes to me suddenly—

This morning there are great white clouds in the sky—with clear shining edges. They have a relationship of absolute purity with the space back of them. They remind me of the nudes of Edward Weston. These pictures come as a revelation. They have their own unique existence. They are completely born and cut off from their creator. There is no tie. They are finished.

For this reason, perhaps, they have transcended the realm of art. This cloud that lifts its shining outline into space, creating by its definite relationship with the sky, a thing that exists neither in the cloud nor the sky alone, this is not art. This is life—the actual substance.

In the nudes, the lines have this same living integrity. They are so, because they must be so. They are true, clear and super-personal. They do not belong to the human body. They are merely suggested by it—but they in themselves make an eternal statement. It might have been a hill that spoke it—or a cloud, or the cool white petal of a flower—it would not matter—in essence it would have been the same.

It is a subtle thing, this relationship of line to space—but in it lies a revelation. In these nudes, the flow and interfolding of the forms—the direct simplicity and purity of line and the serene perception of the essential, are beyond change. This then, is the quality of timelessness, that a conception shall be so true—so archetypal that it transcends art and enters the eternal.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

BOOKS

RESIGNED -- AND NOT

AMERICAN SONG by Paul Engle. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) 75 cents.

WINE FROM THESE GRAPES, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Harper Bros.) \$2

(Reviewed by Marie deL. Welch.)

PAUL ENGLE's "American Song" has been booed and ballyhooed, started numerous controversies, and sold something like ten thousand copies in the few months since its publication. And why? It is a good book and a bad book—it has some really fine things in it (notably "Reproof to Death") and some pretty silly ones. What is really remarkable about it, the praisers maintain, is that it is affirmative poetry. And the critics who don't like it—who see the large amount of childishness in Paul Engle's poetry—maintain that it is simply flag-waving—that it affirms nothing but a sort of fatuous patriotism. Well. The fact is that Engle is affirming something—he is writing affirmative poetry—he's affirming that he is alive and young and glad of it. All is not quite right with his world, but almost all is all right! It is a long time since a poet has talked that way, through a whole book of poetry which, in spite of many flaws, does get to you. And many people are weary of the poetry of negation, and waste land vision of the world. Bad as things are in the world, a lot of things are right with it. And it is nice to hear someone feeling good, in good, vivid verse. So nice that it's no wonder a few critics got almost tearfully joyful about it—and thus aroused other critics to a rage.

The poets who have been most loudly against the "Poetry of Negation"—the Social-Propagandist poets—are so stiff and wan from struggling with their ideologies that the poetry they themselves produce is not yet particularly affirmative. They fail often to make one feel that there is anything in their writing except repentance for the wicked capitalist lives they have been leading. They have the right idea—poetry cannot live in a vacuum—great poetry is always "social"—and the new school of propagandists is doing a lot to put poetry back into life and vice versa. But as yet, their consciences are making them too fidgety.

Engle is no Fascist or Communist—he is not politically conscious at all. He is Paul Engle—a poet—too young to have been hurt or tempered by much experience. His affirmation is just plain affirmation! What he affirms, beyond his own high-heartedness, is not clear—or not there. He is sure that America and Humanity—are O. K. He doesn't know why he is sure. He "affirms" the deep spirituality of man and tells us to look westward in our hearts. Oh yes, Engle is also lost in the wilderness—but he is not weeping about it. When he knows more, and he is too sensitive to beauty to escape know-



ing more, he may make some real affirmations. He's got the spirit that might find its way out of the wilderness—once he knows he is in it. He didn't know when he wrote "American Song". And if the critics do know—well, so many have been weeping in the wilderness for so long, that it's fun to hear someone shouting "Hooray!" there.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY is finer stuff. She is a poet who has mastered her craft as Engle perhaps never will. And "Wine from These Grapes" is not the first of her books to make me wonder if that mastery may not come from some lack of power of another kind. Perhaps those poets are greater who have always something they can't quite say—a hunch about life which they haven't quite caught up to with their intellects?

Miss Millay has been the leader of the "individualist" women poets, affirming the rights of women to love, and to preserve their Inviolable Individuality while loving. Something goes wrong with Inviolable Individuality sooner or later. In order to be inviolable one must (A) reject so many things, (B) withhold so many things, that the strain begins to tell, and the Inviolable personality passes into a sort of anemia. It seemed to me that in "Buck in the Snow" Miss Millay had become less insistently inviolable. I thought it a fine book, and I looked forward to the next to be finer. "Fatal Interlude" was rather like a Masque of Love, artificial and pompous—but it had high spots of honest, unguarded, passionate poetry. I looked forward to the next book, though, hoping that Miss Millay might forget that she is the American master of the sonnet. "Wine from These Grapes" is that next book, and it is a sad book. I like the first poems best. "Epitaph for The Race of Man", the sonnet sequence which ends the book, does not add much to our Twentieth Century series of funeral rehearsals. The poem "Conscientious Objector" is fine.

"I shall die, but that is all I shall do for death."

And it is in Miss Millay's famous vein. The personal refusal to knuckle under, to be resigned, to the thought of death. It is in vein with "Dirge without Music", one of the most moving poems in "Buck in the Snow"—

Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely.

Crowned

With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

But to death in general, to the death of the Race of Man, she is resigned. She has to be. The individual can do nothing about it. Except write an epitaph.

There is tenderness and bitterness—and beauty, for these things are beautiful—in "Wine from These Grapes". The only affirmation is one of resignation. Perhaps the finest poem in the book, "The Leaf and the Tree", says it all. Leaf and Tree, Edna St. Vincent Millay and the Race of Man must resign themselves to death; they are doomed together—the tree has no more life and power than one of its own affirmation that not one individual alone, but many together, can out of love of life, defeat the deadly elements which do exist (yet to be recognized by Paul Engle) in the Race of Man. Well—it is very beautiful poetry—it is a beautiful book.

And it explains why so many people are enraptured with that less beautiful book, "American Song". Because, though Miss Millay grows resigned, at last, almost resigned, many, many people are growing, at last, unresigned. And though Paul Engle's book is in no way an expression of the awaken-

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ing of the proletariat or of the poet awakened by it—and though his marching songs have no direction—he is at least voicing life, not death.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DEAL, by Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton.
(Harcourt, Brace & Co.) \$1.

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

THIS LITTLE book of 85 pages should be read by everyone interested in the state of our social life today. It presents clearly and simply the planned destruction of permanent decay. The last paragraph gives the keynote:

There is nothing the New Deal has so far done that could not have been done better by an earthquake... An earthquake... could have reestablished scarcity much more effectively—with far more speed and far less noise than the New Deal.

The book shows the "correlation between the upward concentration of wealth and the progressive crippling of our economy", and how "the interests of Big Ownership and the interests of the American people are today completely opposed". It shows how Mr. Roosevelt, when he came into power, had to choose one side or the other: but he didn't; "he chose both". It deals with the incredible and endless windy demagogery of the prophets of prosperity:

Why do all our progressive movements... deteriorate into a mere riot of gestures, a heightened glossary of learning, a frenzy of futile research, into winds of doctrine that blow in no critical direction? In the answer to these questions, say the authors, "lie the peculiarly naive makeshifts of our liberal mind".

The book shows clearly, with government figures, how the concentration of industrial capital and finance capital into few hands does not and cannot bring prosperity to the whole people. It gives the almost legendarily unbelievable figures for the cigarette industry. This industry, dominated by four big companies, paid out 30 per cent less in wages in 1931 than in 1919 though its production had doubled; its production rose 120 per cent while the number of its workers dropped 18 per cent, from 24,474 in 1919 to 20,146 in 1931, so that the workers were penalised for their greater productivity. These twenty thousand workers produced 117 billion cigarettes. The tobacco farmers lost because (beaten down by monopoly) the price of tobacco dropped from 32 cents a pound in 1919 to 8.2 cents in 1931. The consumer has not benefited by cheaper cigarettes. Workers in the industry are about 50 per cent on relief, many getting less than \$5 a week. But the profits of the industry are more than \$100,000,000 each year. "Mr. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco company, was paid \$825,600 for a year's work in 1931. He got \$16,000 per week." His workers got \$5 to \$14 a week. "To raise the wages of their cigarette workers 10 per cent would cost the owners a little over one per cent of their yearly profits."

What did the owners do? Rushed Mr. Clay Williams, president of the Reynolds Tobacco Company, to Washington to oppose codification of his industry. And what did the Administration and the President do? Crack down on Mr. Williams? Oh, no: they made him chairman of the NRA, which today he is.

That doesn't look as if the NRA meant what it said, does it? Indeed, this book bears out what Lewis Corey in his

much larger and more comprehensive "Decline of American Capitalism" said:

"Capitalism creates an ideology to disguise and justify its predatory character."

But do we all have to be fooled all the time? People say: "Wait; why rush? Give the NRA a chance." Anyone is willing to give a doctor a chance whose patient is recovering, however slowly. But if that patient is daily growing paler, weaker, thinner, his temperature rising, his frame wasting away, his coma increasing, do we still say: "Wait; give the doctor a chance"? No. We get a new doctor.

This conclusion to their own indisputable facts and clear reasoning the authors still do not draw. For some queer and inexplicable reason they leave you with a feeling of their own criticised "naive liberals": that IF only Roosevelt or the NRA would have stuck to a resolute reformism all might have been well. They don't state the inevitable conclusion to their facts and reasoning: that the malady lies in the NRA itself, that under a system whose vital organ is planned destruction you cannot get social and economic health; that the doctor is giving the patient poison.

SONNET

I HAVE in me a great delight of you...
The firmness of your arm; the quiet stir
And quiver of the lid my glances lure;
The pulses of your throat; these things I do
Reflect and turn and ponder in my mind.
Oh I would not forget the way the hair
Brushed darkly from your forehead lingers there
In wanton waywardness, it, too, will bind
Me to your beauty strand by strand.
These veins spread on your breast a slender net;
The way your muscles play beneath my hand,
Tighten a little there, relax now here...
I have a great delight, nor can forget.

FRIEDL VON CASTELHUN

CONTRIBUTORS THIS WEEK

DR. GEORGE HEDLEY was seven years on the faculty of Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley. Author of "A Christian Year", "The Strike as I Have Seen It"; etc. Archaeologist until he saw the San Francisco strike.

JEAN WINTHROP is a San Francisco newspaper woman feature writer.

MARIE deL. WELCH is the author of three books of poems, the latest "Poems", published by Macmillan. She has contributed to many magazines from the Atlantic to the New Yorker. She is the wife of George P. West, associate editor of the San Francisco News.

ELLA WINTER is a graduate of and was instructor at the London School of Economics and Political Science and author of "Red Virtue".

LINCOLN STEFFENS is an ironic humorist who smiles that he may not weep.

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For a week, beginning February 16, we are featuring the books of

MARY AUSTIN

The Land of Little Rain (California desert sketches. A greatly beautiful work. 1903)

The Basket Woman (California Indian sketches. Juvenile. 1904)
Isidro (A charming romance of Monterey County and Carmel Mission. 1905)

The Flock (California desert and foothill sketches. A very fine book. 1906)

Outland (An imaginative story of the Monterey Coast. 1907)

Santa Lucia (A California novel. 1908)

Lost Boarders (Superb short stories. 1909)

The Arrow Maker (Indian drama. 1911. Produced in the Forest Theater 1914)

A Woman of Genius (Autobiographical novel. 1912)

The Lovely Lady (Novel. 1913)

Love and the Soul-Maker (Essays. 1914)

California (1914)

The Man Jesus (1915)

The Sturdy Oak (Composite novel by 14 American authors, theme and one chapter by Mary Austin. 1917)

The Ford (Novel. 1917)

The Young Woman Citizen (1918)

The Trail Book (Indian legends. Juvenile. 1918)

No. 26 Jayne Street (Novel. 1920)

The American Rhythm (Essays on poetic form. 1923)
The Land of Journey's Ending (California sketches. 1924)
Everyman's Genius (Essays. 1925)
The Lands of the Sun (California sketches. 1927)
The Children Sing in the Far West (Essays on poetry. Juvenile. 1928)
Taos Pueblo (1930)
Starry Adventure (Novel. 1931)
Experiences Facing Death (1931)
Earth Horizon (Autobiography. 1932)
One Smoke Stories (1934)

Many of the above are out-of-print, but we have most of them in stock. We also have first editions for collectors of Mrs. Austin's work.



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o o o o

AT THE EUSTACE LINEN SHOP finger-towels in lilac, apricot, lemon and lime green are specially suggested as hostess gifts for the coming holiday. Scotties and black cats go cavorting around in black prints, hand appliqued, at the hems of some; on others, elephants or solemn penguins pass in parade. The towels are hand-done and are only 25¢.

Meantime, 75¢ still buys a grand handkerchief gift for a man, and at 3-for-50¢ there are still choice bits of linen and lace for our Fraileir but More Durable Sex.

o o o o

THE LITTLE SHOP looks backward happily into a gracious and distinguished past. Here old blue china, red Bohemian glass, pewter, silver, mahogany and Paisley fabric blend to something mellow only time can produce.

In this antique shop is hung just now a large autographed engraving of Marshall's Longfellow, one of a numbered series whose plate is long since destroyed. Its price is \$500, for its companions in the series are far-flung or are in unknown places. To those who still love the cadences of "Evangeline", the dripping-waterfall meter of "Hiawatha" and the prose of Longfellow's "Hyperion", amber-clear, this unusual portrait is offered.

o o o o

HAND-DONE wool embroideries in white upon azure-blue silk, pure as European looms can weave it, feature several dresses made recently at the VIENNESE SHOP, Seven Arts Court. The deep blue of Carmel skies on bright days couldn't be clearer, and if you're one of those undeservedly fortunate who have black hair with those blue eyes you might as well get one of these dresses at once and be done with it. Your rivals are automatically extinguished. The shop, of course, makes gowns of other colors and imports dresses of distinction also.

o o o o

"A fat china boy from Bombay
Said to Stella one sunshiny day,
"I'm going to stop
Here awhile in your shop,
For with tooth-brushes I have a way."

And the fat little rascal at STELLA'S DRY GOODS STORE spoke a true word. Any child would delight in poking his own small tooth-brush handle down the opening left for it in the Hindu boy's turban, or thrusting it in the crook his fat elbow makes. Tommy-Bey's shoes point upward at the toe, his round stumpy is draped in tomato red and his white turban lacks only the stick-up pompoms of your tooth-brushes. Four can be tucked away, so you needn't trample each other in the hall. (Tommy Bey is 35¢.)

THERE IS A LARGE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WE MAKE NO EFFORT TO GET ALONG WITH

*Their names are not, of course, on our subscription list
and we are doing absolutely nothing to put them
there.*

*They are people who know how old Gary Cooper is
and never heard of Tristram Shandy.*

*They are people who can tell the difference between
a Camel and a Lucky Strike in the dark.*

*They are the pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of
Los Angeles.*

*They are people who put drapes in the back windows of
their automobiles.*

*They are people who buy Liberty magazine every week
and who have never read "South Wind".*

*They are people who think the comic strip, "Moon
Mullins", is funny.*

*They are people who soberly quote George Washington
and Abraham Lincoln and don't know who
Lewis Carroll was.*

They are people who never drink coffee.

They are Father Coughlin, that Catholic priest.

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